

# ORATION,

## BY JAMES E. LEACH,

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN;

FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION:—

IN accordance with your desire, expressed at a former Convention, that the leading exercises of our annual festival should be performed by some of our own number, I come before you with the diffidence naturally arising from my position, in being thus required to offer the first fruits of the home market.

Appearing as I do, before many who are my seniors in age, in professional experience, and in their connection with the institution which is the occasion of our assemblage to-day, I were worse than foolish should I attempt to speak in the language of authority, or assume the credit of original thought. It were a far more becoming and a worthier aim, to seek to gather some of the pearls which have fallen from maturer lips, to arrange them perhaps in a new setting, and to offer them as valuable keepsakes, whose contemplation may make us the more grateful to those whose gifts they are.

I invite your attention to a few suggestions on *The Reciprocal Influence of the Teacher and his Profession.*

It is an oft-repeated, and now common-place axiom, that the teacher does not secure the pecuniary compensation or the social position which the importance of his profession seems to demand. This sentiment has not of course a universal application. Individual instances can be found in our midst, of men that have spent the strength of their lives in the work of instruction, who have received for their labors a substantial recompense, and have achieved for themselves an eminence and an honor, than which there is none more noble or more worthy

of emulation in the annals of literary or political history. Still these are exceptions to the general rule. The fact before mentioned stands stubbornly in the way. And many a young man can testify, that it has driven him from the path of the instructor to the pursuit of a profession more inviting and lucrative.

The question is naturally suggested, Whence does this evil arise? Is it from the nature of the profession itself? Without hesitation, I answer, No! The voice of reason and the voice of experience give us the same response. History silently answers by pointing to more than one immortal name, whose unfading laurels were earned in the instruction of youth. We turn to classic story, and we are told that Socrates drank the hemlock for the boldness of his teaching; that Plato unfolded to the Athenian youth in the groves of the Academy the beautiful mysteries of the philosophy of Egypt; that the proud monarch of Macedon rejoiced not so much that his son, the conqueror of Asia, was born, as that he was born to listen to the instruction of the sage of Stagira.

We turn to more modern civilization, and in the history of the seventeenth century, what name shines forth with a purer luster, what character is more worthy of study, than that of Fenelon—not more distinguished as the antagonist of Bossuet, than as the man who executed to the admiration of posterity, the task of forming the character of the future monarch of France.

We turn to our own time and our own race, and mourn the loss which history has suffered in the early death of Arnold; but our admiration of that mind, which illumined with its own fire the dark and misty fables of classic tradition, cannot equal our enthusiasm for his character, when we study his every-day life with his puplis, his earnest labor to develop in them the noblest attributes of manhood, as head-master of Rugby School.

Examples like these should not be lost. We turn from one to another, and then back to ourselves, with the question repeated, Why may not our life be like these?

Again, the reason is not found in any want of theoretical acknowledgment of the nobleness of the profession, on the part of the public. No man who looks at the work of the teacher,

at its influence upon individual and national character, can hesitate in his opinion. It finds expression in the legislation of the state, and in the annual appropriations of every city and town. The money thus expended is not given grudgingly. It is not voted like a pauper tax, as a choice of evils, but rather as a portion of this world's goods dedicated and set apart for a sacred purpose; and every citizen feels that, if used to the best advantage, the return will be as much superior to the investment, as mind is superior to matter.

A few, indeed, who regard wealth as the chief interest of life; a few who frown upon every change as a degeneration; and a few who consider the culture of the intellect as dangerous to the conscience, may utter their feeble objections; but the great mass of the people undoubtedly regard the education of their children as the highest and most sacred duty enjoined by the relation of parent. I have called this a theoretical, an abstract acknowledgment. The want of its practical acknowledgment, the non-extension of this interest in education to the educators themselves, is the very evil of which we complain. But while the teacher is thus justly dissatisfied with his position, would it not be well to ask the question, Has not the public done its part? And does not the remedy for the evil, rest mainly with me? I believe if this were asked in the proper spirit, the consciousness of every teacher would answer in the affirmative. If we look to others to perform the work which most nearly concerns ourselves, we shall look in vain. But if, receiving with thankfulness every aid from abroad, we press forward with a fixed determination to secure for ourselves an influence and a place worthy a noble ambition, and take upon ourselves the responsibility of success or failure, we shall find that the public will not be slow to appreciate our efforts; and we shall achieve for our profession an eminence, which will be to every member a passport to honor and trust.

The history of the rise of every profession and pursuit among men to dignity and influence, has been that of the elevation of the character of its individual members. And the exalted position which any profession may now confer upon its followers, is nothing more than the legitimate influence of a

reserved fund, accumulated by the labors of their predecessors. Thus will it be with our own calling. We have not in our favor a professional influence, exerted for many generations, and extending throughout society, to govern the opinions of men without their inquiring its cause. But we have a fair opportunity for effort, the interest of the public in our work, and a readiness to extend that interest to ourselves, if we take the right steps to secure it. We have also the example of those to whom I have referred. Their characters are models for our emulation. Their lives point out the path for us to tread. Their success exhibits the goal which we shall reach by an earnest devotion to our work.

Let us then inquire, with what principles and what aspirations the teacher should enter upon his work, if he would be instrumental in raising his profession to the position it demands. As a condition of primary importance, *He must enter it as the business of his life.* It must not be adopted as a temporary expedient, as a convenient means of raising money, as a useful discipline of mind, as a place in which to stand to survey the world and select the most inviting field of labor, or to await some fortunate opportunity of becoming settled in life. If he expects teaching to be esteemed a profession by others, he must adopt it as a profession for himself. He must enter it with the intention of making it the scene of the labors of his early and later years; the scene of his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and trials; the field in which he is to exercise the strongest powers of his mind, and pour out the best affections of his heart; the field in which he is to serve his country and his race, and in which he is to occupy the talents entrusted to his keeping, *for the glory of his God.*

I would not be understood to say, that a good school can be taught by those and those alone, who embark in teaching with the design of making it a permanent employment. Far be it from me to estimate so lightly the efforts of the many of both sexes, whose accurate scholarship as pupils, has been confirmed by the discipline of imparting instruction; whose characters have been cast under the responsibility peculiar to the teacher,

or who have been led by necessity, convenience, curiosity, or pleasure, to devote a few years of their advanced youth to the work of education. The labors of these are called, and justly called, successful; that is, they accomplish the object for which they were undertaken. They taught good schools; they even established a certain professional character and influence. But their very success, and their pursuit of some other profession in after life, has doubtless done much to form the present bias of the public mind. Many a young man can bear witness, that in the circle of acquaintance in which he moved during his first essays at instruction, he was regarded with flattering favor by young and old; as a youth in the direct line of promotion, and as embarking in life under circumstances most favorable to future greatness; and he has known that from himself as the original, some dazzling portrait of the distinguished jurist, the eloquent divine, or the skillful physician, has been sketched by the hand of admiring fancy. But no sooner has he intimated that the teacher at twenty, might still remain a teacher at fifty, than the beautiful spirit of the air instantaneously vanished, and its place was supplied by a revised edition of Dominie Sampson or Ichabod Crane.

Our profession is thus regarded as a mere gymnasium, in which it is well for youth to exercise and develop their mental powers, before they enter on the sterner pursuits of life. But this is not enough. We wish it acknowledged as a field which may call into action the most brilliant talents; which may afford scope for a life-long work of improvement and usefulness; and which may offer to the nobly ambitious, a position of eminence unsurpassed by any other pursuit which claims the attention of the human intellect. To do this, requires the same patient toil, the same noble self-denial, the same fixedness of purpose, exerted through the whole vigor of youth and manhood, which alone are crowned with success in any branch of intellectual pursuit. The same steadfast application, and the same amount of experience, which is required to give eminence to a divine, a lawyer, or a physician, is the only ordeal to be passed by the teacher before he can claim a place as their equal. But nothing

like this is usually passed. Who ever speaks of a member of either of the professions at thirty, or even thirty-five years, as any thing more than a promising young man? And yet the teacher at thirty-five, is frequently regarded as a veteran, who has reached, if not passed, his culminating point, and is now rapidly becoming old-fashioned, and falling behind the age. The teacher, then, must prepare himself to enter upon a long career of constant improvement. Every succeeding year must find him in advance of the former; and then when the continued progress of a long life of energy reaches its goal, it will receive a reward of no common ambition, and will occupy a position in the Olympus of true glory, as high as can ever be awarded to the successful performance of exalted duty.

*The teacher must enter upon his work with a well-developed ideal of a school as it should be.* This is a point of the utmost importance. The mechanic who commences his work without having in his mind's eye a clear conception of the object he is to make, must ever content himself with the reputation of a clumsy workman. The painter who sees not on the canvass the creation of his fancy, portrayed in colors of living light, and inviting his pencil to give them permanence, will be obliged to ticket his pictures, to explain their design to other men. The sculptor can never succeed in giving to the marble the form of life, unless the mind precedes the chisel, and before a blow is struck, stamps the rough stone with the image of beauty. So the poet, who writes at random, will never write for posterity; his poem must be fashioned in his own brain, before he commits it to paper, or it will speedily descend to oblivion; by all, save himself alone, "unwept, unhonored, and *unsung*."

And can he, who aims to direct and develop the human mind, expect success to crown his efforts, if he neglects so important a principle? Can he expect his school to become endowed with life and vigor, if he has not in his mental vision an *ideal* school, exhibiting every thing in its true and healthful proportions? Can he, unless he establishes in his mind some goal for his course, expect to secure a direct, steady, and unfal-

tering progress? No! His course will be halting, zigzag, or retrograde. His school will exhibit no definite character; and he will retire from his vocation disgusted and spiritless, tired of the endless routine of vexatious duties. And this, too, whatever be the excellences of his character; however indomitable his energy; however accurate his scholarship; however faithful and right-minded his intentions. He has spent his labor to no purpose; he has been wandering in the dark, with no landmark to guide him, and, like the lost in a forest, after he is utterly exhausted with the length of his journey, finds himself again and again returning to the point whence he first set out. Without any ideal, a school would of course be a complete failure. And success is secured in a less or greater degree, according as this is partial and low, and imperfectly developed, or universally elevated, healthy, and entire. Many of our schools exhibit admirable illustrations of the influence of ideal excellence in particular departments; though few, of its influence throughout the whole circle of duties. One teacher has ever in his mind the picture of a school where scholars are ranged on the seats like so many statues; where every hand, and foot, and eye, moves according to the word of command; where each urchin preserves the dignity of a Roman senator, and where the whole moves silently on, like a vast and perfect machine, without friction, and without noise. Visit his school from week to week, and you will observe that its principal progress is in that direction; and it will ere long become famous for its semi-military discipline.

Another has conjured up in his mind a spectacle of a brilliant examination; of distinguished visitors thronging the doors and crowding the benches with looks of highly raised expectation; of scholars arrayed in their best, and complacently exhibiting a most astounding familiarity with abstruse and intricate science; of flattering compliments and puffs, in newspapers and reports of school committees. Notice his progress, and you will discover an abundance of surface work and gilding, ingeniously applied so as to tell with the best effect on the credulous public. He, too, is successful, and has his reward. His school goes steadily on to the realization of his ideal.

Another is impressed with the importance of some particular branch of education ; in his mind's eye, he sees his scholars perfectly at home among intricate formulas, puzzling questions, or long demonstrations of elementary mathematics. Straight there is a vigorous advance in this direction ; and the result is a one-sided and unhealthy growth, giving strength to the prevalent opinion that a good mathematician must be incapable of polished literary taste, or of well-balanced and harmonious scholarship. Or he is impressed with the importance of elocution ; and immediately renders himself and his scholars ridiculous, by affected pronunciation ; or frightens the uninitiated, with the jargon of strange sounds proceeding from his school-room, which have sometimes been naturally mistaken for the ravings of delirium-tremens.

Every one sees with what rapidity these partial or one-sided ideals mould the character of a school. We have but to notice these, to acknowledge the absolute necessity that every teacher should labor incessantly to form in his own mind the conception of a school where each regulation and every exercise is made subservient to one great end ; where every scholar performs his daily duties in the manner and from the motives, that the Christian citizen performs his part in the work of active life ; where every lesson is assigned and every word of instruction given, with a view to supply some known defect, or to develop into full and harmonious proportions the character of the future man. He must enter the school-room with this ever before him. He must ever compare it with the actual state of his school. He must spare no pains, or labor, or ingenuity, to elevate and expand, to elaborate and vivify the reality, till it exhibits in itself the full beauty of the conception. Who shall say, that in this there is not scope for a life-long work ? Who shall say, that a task like this, is unworthy the attention of mature, of highly cultivated intellect ; and who shall say, that a work like this, undertaken in the spirit that shall exalt and dignify it, and pursued for a whole life with single-minded fidelity, can fail to secure from our own conscience, and from the hands of others, the noblest reward for which human beings can strive ?

The teacher must enter upon his work with a lofty and well-developed ideal of his own character as a teacher. Here it is impossible that he look too high, or dwell upon the conception too fondly or steadily. It should embrace, first, the intellectual qualifications. In this respect, there opens before him a boundless view of improvement and progress. The elementary principles, the first truths, the common foundation of all science, should not only be thoroughly mastered, but should be made living principles; the germs of a healthy, luxuriant growth; instruments of continual advancement in every department of knowledge. It is not sufficient to be able to follow the beaten track, by the aid of text-books and formal rules; he must explore the less trodden paths, and be able to stroll at will among the green and untried fields, without feeling in danger of losing his course. He should be able to embellish and adorn the rough outlines with the collections of his own labor, and the exercise of his own taste. Every inch of ground should be so thoroughly explored, that no secret thing, however minute, should escape his notice, or, if discerned by others, should fail of being allotted its proper position.

But this is not all. We must not only understand the internal structure of a science, but its external relations. That man, for instance, would know little of geography, who had ascertained the exact location of every farm, and brook, and grove, and meadow in his native town, and who yet was ignorant of its boundaries, or its comparative size and importance. So, too, the teacher, who knows only the *minutiae* of the sciences, can rise no higher than the pedant; but if he be ignorant of these, he must despair of even that invidious distinction, and must content himself with the humbler title of *ignoramus*! There is no more fatal mistake, than that the teacher can possess a *sufficiency* of knowledge for his purpose and business, unless it be the kindred error, that his progress beyond a certain point, renders him less capable of teaching those who have not yet reached it. The fallacy is an ingenious one, and is often presented in excuse for cessation of literary exertion. It is asserted that he who has advanced but a short distance in the knowledge

of a science, remembers the course he followed, and the difficulties he was obliged to surmount, and hence succeeds best in pointing them out to others; while he who has long since become familiar with all its principles and applications, fails of understanding and making allowance for the perplexities of a beginner. The cases of individual teachers are frequently cited in support of this doctrine. One, with inferior literary qualifications, succeeds admirably in communicating to others what knowledge he has, and inciting them to vigorous and enthusiastic study. Another, a highly accomplished scholar, utterly fails of producing the slightest improvement, and keeps his varied learning fast locked in his own mind. But a moment's observation will convince us, that this comparison is far from proving the desired conclusion. It by no means follows, that the first excels in imparting knowledge, because he has little to impart, or that the second fails of success, because of his superior education. The reason may be found elsewhere; the cases may not be equal in other respects.

Those who maintain the doctrine alluded to, must show that the same person who has succeeded in teaching a science which he imperfectly understood, has failed to render it intelligible after he has thoroughly mastered it; and that his success has been, within certain limits, in the direct ratio of his ignorance. They must show, too, that no other cause could have produced the effect; that the character of his mind has not been modified by any extraneous circumstances; that his opportunities and facilities for instruction are equally good; in short, they must prove, beyond a possibility of doubt, that nothing but his literary acquisitions could have injured his power as an instructor. Need I say, that if made to depend on this test, such a position can never be sustained? Need I say, it is refuted by the consciousness of every teacher of his own experience? Who ever wished he knew less, that he might teach better? Many a man has wished that he had greater power of language, greater ingenuity for devising illustrations, greater knowledge of the working of the human mind, and a more lively sympathy with those under his charge. But the man who would seriously

desire that he could annihilate a portion of his knowledge, to enable him to use the remainder to the better effect, would be held up to the gaze of the world as one who was for reversing the order of nature, and for making degeneracy, not progress, the great law of humanity.

If we were seeking for a guide through some romantic country, should we prefer one who had just discovered a narrow, crooked, and tedious path, because, forsooth, he would well remember his own winding and wearisome course? Should we not rather select one, who had been for years familiar with its scenes; who had visited again and again every rock, dell, grove, and cascade; who knew the exact position of every object of interest; and who could enliven the journey with spirit-stirring songs and tales connected with the various localities; one, who had sufficient acquaintance with human nature to know what points of view should be selected, and in what order visited, for the mind of a stranger to form an adequate conception of the beauty of the whole, as an entire and harmonious picture?

The case of the teacher is precisely analogous. The more extensive and accurate his learning, the more rational will be his instruction. In the language of Martineau, "the child's elementary teaching would be best conducted by Omniscience itself."

If I am asked to account for the fact, that a man of superior education sometimes fails in imparting it to others, I answer, that it is because he has made his mind too much a passive recipient of knowledge, and not a living and reproductive agent; because he has not sufficiently cultivated an acquaintance with human nature, and the laws which regulate the working of the human mind; above all, because he is incapable of that generous sympathy, that catholic benevolence, that faculty of transferring to himself the desires and thoughts of others, which is indispensable to the faithful and successful teacher. To succeed, then, he must give up all selfish aims; he must cultivate that sympathy and tact which he needs, not by wishing part of his learning destroyed, but by adding to it continually new and more varied treasures. He must so arrange his studies,

as to combine the confidence of perfect familiarity with the freshness of continual acquisition. He must seek to vary the monotony of daily duties, by introducing new subjects of thought, either collected by his argus-eyed observation, or elaborated from the ever increasing treasures of his own mind. He must feel that his work is emphatically the work of the scholar; and that whatever has been accumulated by the labors of the scholars of other times, is his to enjoy, and to transmit. By this course alone, will he succeed in awakening in his pupils that enthusiasm to know, which is worth more than all patent appliances for simplifying difficulties and smoothing the rugged ascent of the hill of science.

By this means will he succeed in developing in them that noble and generous spirit which desires intellectual advancement for its own sake, and not because it may be made the means of ministering to the mere physical and sensual existence; which estimates the value of science, not by the number of dollars it will place in the pocket, but by the amount of cultivation it will add to the mind. Then will he succeed in arousing in them that interest in study, and that devotion to their literary work, which is worth more as a means of discipline than all the strange, outlandish modes of punishment, ever invented by the brain of pedagogue, or propagated in the legends of the school-room. By pursuing this course, he will find that his daily duty will not be confined to castigating misconduct and spurring forward dullness and inattention; but he will have many an opportunity to encourage by his sympathy, and guide by his experience, the earnest and generous pursuit of knowledge.

*The teacher must remember that the school-room is not the only theater for the exercise of his scholarship and ability. He must not forget that he has to maintain the character of a citizen; that, besides his duty to his pupils, he has others to perform, no less obligatory, to their parents, to the society in which he moves, to the city or town in which he may reside, and to the country whose prosperity he is laboring to promote. If he is to make himself a literary man, he must take upon*

himself his full share of literary responsibility; he must not neglect the lyceum or the lecture; he must not keep aloof from the improving pleasures of social life; he must make the community feel, that contact with him is a source of improvement, and that he is a member of society, whose services are too valuable to be lightly dispensed with. He must embrace with avidity every plan for intellectual improvement or social reform; and from his vantage ground, he must strive to occupy a position in advance of his age. I mean not by this, that he is to make himself the champion of every new theory of ethics or theology, which seems by some to be regarded as synonymous with reform; that he is to be continually wafting forth, at second hand, the idle dreams of imaginative speculators, who, breaking away from the old landmarks of reason and sense, range the sea of thought without chart or compass, and offer as their belief, a compound of spirituality run mad, and a crusade against all which has for ages received the assent of mankind, as directly revealed from the Source of Truth; but I mean, that he is to cultivate that spirit, which in various ways seeks to elevate the condition of his race; and that he is to identify himself with every manifestation of it which comes within the sphere of his action. By such means only, can he gain for himself the influence or the character his profession requires.

Again: *The teacher's ideal must embrace his personal qualifications.* On this point I need not dwell, save to explain my meaning, or, rather, the limitation I have given to the epithet *personal*. I mean simply his manners and bearing, those external qualities of the person, by which men will inevitably judge of the qualities of the heart; they are *prima facie* evidence of the standard of taste and the polish of character. The requirements in this respect can be summed up in a word. The teacher, if he would attain a high rank in his profession, must exhibit continually to all, whether pupils, friends, or strangers, the manners and bearing of a cultivated gentleman.

Finally, and in a most important respect, *the teacher's ideal must embrace his moral qualifications.* He must remember that his duty to his pupil, ceases not with unfolding to

them the laws of mathematics, and the facts of physical science. There is a higher and holier end to all his instruction. He must feel that there is, of necessity, a moral influence pervading his intercourse with his pupils, exerted either for good or evil; and while he cannot annihilate it, he must see that it is exerted for their highest and ultimate good. The character of this influence in our school system, more than any other feature, has been the subject of discussion and the mark of attack. Many things have been said, apparently, with far other than a Christian spirit, and have been prompted by a motive far other than a disinterested desire to reform a defect. It has sharpened the weapons of sectarian controversy, and has excited prejudice and dissension, where before existed fairness and harmony. Much of this has doubtless originated from envy or ignorance; and some of it, we are compelled to believe, from wilful malice; but some of it has doubtless had its origin in fact. Here, again, I appeal to the experience of the teacher, and ask if he is not conscious that he has done less for the moral education of his pupils, than in any other department of instruction? As it is the most important, so is it the most delicate and difficult branch of his duty. In no other, has he to encounter so many hostile opinions; so many obstinate prejudices; or so watchful and keen sighted jealousy, lest he trench upon the sacred right of private judgment. He has no methodical text-book to guide him, nor is he at liberty to interpret the Bible to his pupils according to the dictates of his own conscience, or of his favorite authority. He cannot enter the field of controversial theology, which, in the pulpit and by the fireside, is frequently made the basis and nucleus of moral education. Yet the voice of duty, and the voice of law, impartially require a high-toned, incessant, and all-pervading moral influence. Whence, then, must it come, and what means are most available to secure it? I answer, it must be such an influence as legitimately flows from his own elevated moral and religious character, acting upon his pupils and pervading every exercise of their daily duty. If a light like this shines forth from every act and word of the teacher, it will not long be without its influence. His very manner in

conducting the opening exercise of reading and prayer, will produce, in a short time, a wonderful effect. The manner and spirit in which cases of delinquency are examined and corrected; with which the moral aspect of the common daily occurrences is presented for their thought; the constant application of the great principles of religion to the most trivial duties of life; the employment of moral agency in the discipline of the school; and the holding up of moral influences as incentives to labor and study; all these, when they spring naturally from excellence of personal character, will do more, far more, for developing in scholars the foundation of a virtuous life, than the formal homily, or any separate machinery for moral education. It is not to be expected, that the school-room will obviate the necessity of the pulpit, nor that the teacher will transfer to himself all the responsibility which God has placed upon the parent; but it is to be expected that he will exert a steady, powerful influence for good; that he will inculcate the unchanging principles of right, a love of truth and virtue, a contempt for all that is low or dishonorable, a reverence for the institutions of Christianity and whatever has been solemnly consecrated to the service of God, and a respect for the opinions of others, which forbids even their old-fashioned and superstitious ideas of propriety to be wantonly outraged. These things must he do in hearty co-operation with the instructions of the pulpit and the family. But even if parent and pastor should be false to their trust, he must obey, not the less fearlessly, the stern monitions of duty. How essential, then, that he have before him at the outset of his career, a noble and elevated ideal of intellectual and moral excellence. How essential that upon this, his eye be constantly fixed, as the guiding-star of his course. Thus will his career be onward and upward, a life of improvement, of expansion, of development. Every step he advances, will unfold to his mental vision a wider prospect, and paint the world of his existence in richer and more gorgeous coloring. Thus will he secure for himself a position of eminence, and a consciousness of having devoted his life to the accomplishment of a noble and uniform purpose. But a yet

brighter reward shall crown his life and await his memory. Besides the direct influence of his precepts on the hearts and lives of those who have listened to his instruction, his name will be inseparably linked with his profession, and will become, as it were, an exponent of its character and position, standing as one of the watchwords by which those who come after him will stimulate their minds to earnest and arduous labor. What Bossuet and Massillon, what Hooker and Baxter, what Edwards and Channing, have done for the ministry; what Blackstone and Hale, what Erskine and Mansfield, what Marshall and Story, have done for the law; will he do for the profession of the teacher, who embarks in it with his soul in the work; and labors through life to realize in himself an idea of excellence, conceived by a mind fully awake to the performance of a sacred duty.



## P O E M,

BY JOHN A. GOODWIN,

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COLUMBIA ! Though scores of votive lays,  
From laureled poets sound unmeasured praise,  
Turn not away thine ear, my native land,  
As forth I come, with virgin harp in hand,  
To sing the glory of thy modest state,  
And spread the new-found truth, that thou art great !  
Thy realm so wondrous long, and nobly wide,  
Beholds two wooing oceans at its side.  
Thy rivers laugh to scorn the streams of old,  
And shame Pactolus, with their sands of gold.  
Thy little lakes excel proud Europe's seas,  
And thy tall pines, old Libanus' trees.  
Then, too, thy sons are far exceeding brave,  
And from their birth are free (except the slave) ;  
From prosperous trade, their giant minds depart  
To every science, and each branch of art ;  
But while in all they claim to be the leaders,  
They proudest boast, "*We are a race of readers !*"  
This latter truth shall as my subject stand !  
I'll sing the reading habits of the land ;  
And as in this wide field the Muse expatiates free,  
Will dedicate her verse to Normalites, and thee !

So plain it is that little proof is needing—  
 We Yankees beat the very world at reading !  
 In all our walks, the merest glance shall find  
 Sure symptoms of a literary mind.  
 And English critics, who deny our claim,  
 Are simply victims of the jealous flame ;  
 Mere poachers on the fair domain of letters,  
 Who must be taught by *stripes* to know thcir betters.  
 (Sometimes these fellows raise a cry of theft,  
 When from their author's hands some book is reft,  
 To be transported o'er the rolling main,  
 And on our virtuous shores be born again.  
 We can't deny the charge, but we can scoff it,  
 And from the “*plunder*” reap a handsome profit.)  
 Our taste rejects our vulgar home production,  
 And looks to other lands for our instruction ;  
 For though our books are, in their way, delectable,  
 A foreign one, seems rather more respectable.  
 In Britain, let a favored work appear,  
 And harpy Harpers straight reprint it here ;  
 Expunge what jars our views of church or state,  
 And in one volume crowd the foreign eight !  
 What though the author lose his rightful gains ?  
 He surely gets more readers by their pains ;  
 And though by wasting toil his bread he's earning,  
 His crusts can never check our taste for learning !  
 While nought could make true patriots so wroth  
 As our importing *rum* or *cotton cloth*,  
 Scarce one but thinks it genteel looks,  
 To forage other countries for our *books*.  
 The silk-worm's lord can public bounty gain,  
 But not the master of the subtler brain !  
 Bold Morse's *wire*, the nation's hands unwind,  
 But shun the lightning labors of the mind.  
 Now, in a serious tone, let us inquire,  
 What kind of reading meets our strong desire ;  
 And how much profit do our people reap,  
 With books so plenty, and so wondrous cheap !

Lo ! where the student cons, with steady toil,  
 Gray History's page ; and burns the midnight oil,  
 To shed a light o'er ages doubly dark ;—  
 To trace the secret kindling of each spark,  
 Sent by its Maker from the shrine of truth,  
 To cheer and bless the dim earth's early youth,  
 He sets our minds upon some Pisgah's height,  
 Whence, pointing back, he shows the moral night,  
 Through which our race its devious way has trod,  
 Its own blind guide, a recreant from God.  
 Then turning to the distant north, appears  
 The "land of promise" through the mists of years,  
 Where our successors, in more favored days,  
 When love of peace and truth shall guide their ways,  
 May by its shady rivers peaceful flow,  
 Find all of bliss imperfect man can know.  
 Say ! whose glad eyes shall see the glowing page,  
 The magic picture of each by-gone age ;  
 And by whose mind shall be the vision caught,  
 The offspring of a laboring life of thought ?  
 Alas ! excepting to the careful few,  
 'Twill fall unheeded as the morning dew !  
 For with the world at large, grave History's theme,  
 Must wear gay Fiction's garb to win esteem ;  
 And truth, like pills, to gain the public vote,  
 Round its nude form, must roll a sugar coat.  
 Josephus, and the learned Rollin's tomes,  
 With gentle spiders find untroubled *homes* ;  
 While Hume's and Bancroft's records sleep in dust,  
 On Waverley's annals we repose in trust !  
 Or learn the past from penny tales by James,  
 And in this field e'en grant our Cooper's claims.  
 No lawful son of History's patient muse,  
 Our reading public's fancy, can amuse.  
 But an exception you may claim, perchance,  
 In popular Macaulay's half romance ;  
 A work of deep, 'tis said, impartial search,  
 Which tilts with sword of lath against the Church,

Paints Puritans of deadliest sins partakers,  
 And e'en makes courtiers bland of bluntest Quakers !  
 Enshrouds all by-gone Whigs in rays of glory,  
 And in a hotter robe, each factious Tory.  
 In short, with dates and fairness nigh forgot,  
 It is a history of the school of Scott,  
 In which, despite all formal strictures,  
 Is ranged a pretty row of pretty pictures !  
 No wonder such a wide-read, quick-sold book,  
 Should be from England filched by hook and crook,  
 And brought, these cis-Atlantic shores to jar  
 With thunders of an orthographic war.  
 As Yankee Athens' slogan rends the skies,  
 The beardless sophs and musty pedants rise !  
 With ink-dyed steel they throng the threatened pass,  
 And, bravely, write Noah Webster down—*an ass* !  
 As if their brains could nothing better do,  
 Than fight the battles of a silent—*u* !  
 Then *vive la bagatelle*—but we'll back  
 Our muse digressive to her former track,  
 And, leaving History to his silent fate,  
 Behold Biography, his tender mate ;  
 And see if to her charms, the world allows  
 The meed of honor, it denies her spouse.

Once more the student's dim retreat we tread,  
 Where, on his shelves, still *live* the ancient dead.  
 Who, while their dust is strown in every clime,  
 Hence may defy the effacing touch of Time.  
 Amid their ranks the scholar's form we trace,  
 The silent, mighty genius of the place,  
 Who, through the gloom, to idle Fancy's look,  
 Seems but himself to be a breathing book.  
 His quiet guests, his never-resting pen  
 Leads out to commune with his fellow-men ;  
 And, on the vivid biographic page,  
 Remain the teachers of the future age.  
 How wondrous is the famed Daguerrian power,  
 That chains the fleeting shadows of the hour ;

And leaves the glowing features' warm impress  
 To those who o'er their dust shall love and bless !  
 But, soaring far above this curious art,  
 Which only can the specious face impart,  
 Biography, to body unconfined,  
 Paints living pictures of the immortal mind ;  
 Nay, more ! She brings her reader face to face  
 With all the great and noble of his race ;  
 And those, above whose tombs the awed world bends,  
 She changes to familiar, fireside friends.  
 Thus with her help, reclined at home in ease,  
 We walk in Attic groves with Socrates ;  
 Like him, regard life's ills with steady eye,  
 And from his noble end, learn how to die.  
 Then, in a later age, on Albion's shore,  
 We fight great Alfred's patriot battles o'er ;  
 And see, when peace relieves his little state,  
 What 'tis that makes a ruler truly great.  
 'Midst crumbling Rome's proud hills we next may dwell,  
 With Galileo in his prison cell ;  
 And gaze with him, in silent shades of even,  
 Enraptured, through the secret paths of heaven.  
 Or toil with Howard, in his work sublime ;  
 Plant Virtue's flowers amid the wastes of Crime,  
 And bid kind Hope's frail lamp to cheer the gloom,  
 Where pines the prisoner in his living tomb.  
 Go forth with heroes such as these, who can,  
 And not return a wiser, better man !

Ask not the muse to sing each honored name,  
 Inscribed by merit on the rolls of Fame ;  
 But 'neath Biography's enchanted sway,  
 Come, live a glorious life through every day !  
 As falls this universal invitation,  
 Upon the ears of this great reading nation,  
 What quick response, do grateful we return,  
 To prove how mightily we love to learn ?  
 Why, with a knowing look, we shrewdly say,—  
 " Our taste don't happen to incline that way,

Unless biographers improve their diction,  
 By dashing in the charming spice of fiction.  
 The lives of merely good men are too tame,  
 Are rather dull, and pretty much the same ;  
 So, loving the just, and praising their piety,  
 We can't read their lives, for want of variety."

Memoirs of men of science catch the eye,  
 But don't retain it long, their style is dry ;  
 And such hard names are never thought entrancing,  
 Except in millinery and in dancing.

Accounts of poets, statesmen, and of sages,  
 In vain shall beg a knife to cut their pages ;  
 The reverend Parson's life, when life is o'er,  
 Must share the fate his sermons shared before ;  
 The old Physician's, meets a fellow fate,  
 And sleeps beneath neglect's strong opiate ;  
 The Lawyer's wise reports, left in the lurch,  
 Find few o'er them to claim—" *the right of search.*"

But while oblivion waits the son of peace,  
 And all his thoughts and deeds share his decease,  
 The public taste enacts a kindlier law,  
 To save the memory of the *man of war.*

The *Christian* hero leaves his native land  
 In manhood's prime, and seeks a foreign strand,  
 To free men's souls from Superstition's rod,  
 And turn their worship to the living God.  
 With willing heart he bears the heathen's hate,  
 The exile's lot, perchance the martyr's fate,  
 And only asks, that when he sinks to rest,  
 Some ransomed souls may prove his labor blest.  
 Save the few friends who shared his youthful love,  
 And the rude souls he taught to look above,  
 Who'll mourn, when far beyond the dreary wave,  
 He finds, at length, a dark, unhonored grave !  
 No glowing pen shall leap to speak his fame,  
 No native country venerate his name.  
 Not so with him who goes, with sword in hand,  
 To spread destruction through that helpless land ;

Nor such his meed, who, bent on purpose fell,  
 Proclaims himself the minister of hell !  
 Let Justice claim the soldier's cursing breath,  
 And lo ! the state shall mourn a martyr's death !  
 The unwilling marble bear its flattering tale,  
 And dismal requiems swell the passing gale !  
 Or, longer spared, he works *his* master's will,  
 While Mercy weeps, and Hatred feasts his fill,  
 From our glad tongues the lengthened pæans rise,  
 And *Christian* plaudits drown his victims' cries.  
 The conflict over, how great is the strife  
 To honor each chieftain, and study his life ;  
 How eager we read each bloody page o'er,  
 And sigh with regret when there are no more ;  
 Then, for a new hero ne'er at a loss,  
 Find the best one of all in the soldier's old horse !  
 Eke, jackal writers cross the ocean wave,  
 To snatch Napoleon from his moss-grown grave ;  
 And since the storms have washed his war fields pale,  
 Embalm their horrors in a winning tale !  
 One half they guess, the other half invent,  
 And we peruse, admire, and rest content.  
 See Parson Headley throw his bible down,  
 And o'er this course pursue a vile renown.  
 He makes "*old Nap.*" a tender prince of love,  
 Who only fights to serve the powers above ;  
 Whose Marshals, with a philanthropic zest,  
 Slay half mankind to benefit the rest !  
 Oh ! Reverend Headley ! as 'tis thy delight  
 To turn our minds to war, and hearts to fight,  
 When for our good thou tak'st thy pen again,  
 Pray serve us up the first of warriors—Cain.  
 Such is the biographic lore that gains,  
 Alone, a lodgement in our heated brains.  
 Its sure results scarce need a demonstration,  
 While weeps proud Mexic's violated nation ;  
 And o'er the neighbors of our modern Edom,  
 So fast extends the "area of freedom."

A rival power to that we last have sung,  
 O'er man's strong sex its subtle chains has flung !  
 Fair woman's charms it spares, with civil breeding,  
 But claims from *us* a vast amount of reading.  
 'Tis Politics ! Who hath not felt the force  
 Of this wide maelstrom draw him from his course,  
 And in its vortex, spiting all his labors,  
 Conjoin him with the most unwonted neighbors !  
 Each rich or poor, (that is, the high or low,)  
 Each night must scour the party paper through,  
 Patient, as if the destinies of nations  
 Hung on the sageness of his lucubrations.  
 Now studies out, with mathematic skill,  
 Who next the chair of state is sure to fill ;  
 Then settles for the hundredth time each matter,  
 That long has kept the nation in a clatter ;  
 Or reads a speech, with praise or censure hearty,  
 When he's discovered the orator's party.  
 Biography finds here a little favor,  
 Though fiction still is used to give it flavor.  
 Whene'er election brings its wonted strife,  
 Each private reads his party leader's life ;  
 At least that part that makes a pretty story,  
 And proves the man's direct descent from glory.  
 No Whig e'er polls his vote town-meeting day,  
 But has by heart the life of Henry Clay ;  
 Or, since old Ashland's son is nigh forgot,  
 Has conned some sketch of Taylor and of Scott.  
 So each Free Soiler, 'neath the Hunker's ban,  
 Has traced the devious course of Martin Van !  
 And he'd be thought a Democratic ass,  
 Who hadn't read at least *one* life of Cass.  
 Then of resolves, protests, and ten-hour speeches,  
 We swallow more than calculation reaches.  
 But as we wish the value to compute,  
 We'll judge this reading matter by its fruit,  
 And with due fairness, rapidly survey  
 The politician's morals of our day.

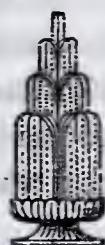
“ Consistency’s a jewel ” rarely shines  
 Upon the brow the civic laurel twines ;  
 And modern statesmen think it no disgrace  
 To change their clothes before the public’s face.  
 Honor, whose lingering rays e’en dwell with thieves,  
 In politics most doubtful traces leaves ;  
 While honest Truth, the simplest wight can tell,  
 In these dark haunts, did ne’er pretend to dwell ;  
 And Conscience, as full many a sufferer knows,  
 Finds party-men to be its natural foes.  
 To sum up all, just quote the ruffian song  
*Our own tongues raised, “ Our country, right or wrong ! ”*  
 Descendants of the stern old Plymouth stock !  
 Such loathsome fetters from your ankles knock !  
 Once more for God and Justice raise your hand,  
 And let the Pilgrim’s spirit rule his land !

Reluctantly we turn from this broad field,  
 Which precious counsel might be made to yield,  
 But Time’s stern voice commands to hasten on  
 To one more point, then let our song be done.

More powerful yet than politics or arms,  
 Consider now the gay romance’s charms,  
 Whose scions spread, a never-ending band,  
 Like Egypt’s locusts, o’er a foolish land.  
 And this last simile is full of truth,  
 For no green thing escapes their hungry tooth.  
 From two small flies, though cruel ’tis to kill one,  
 In one warm June, ’tis said, will spring four million ;  
 But the novels Harpers’ press each month presents us,  
 Would laugh to scorn the takers of their census.  
 The stripling feasts upon the poisoned page,  
 Where fancy paints the vices of the age ;  
 On children’s tales, the darling hates to look,  
 So mother’s pride bestows the grown-up book ;  
 Though every morning, like a willing fool,  
 She bids the youth be diligent in school ;  
 As if the *school* could do the dreamer good,  
 When novels fill his head, and fire his blood.

Behold ! the damsel, robed with every grace,  
 Bends o'er the absorbing tale with tearful face ;  
 Nor can suspend the tale's magnetic power,  
 Till dreamy midnight chimes the solemn hour ;  
 Then, ere to Morpheus she resigns her eyes,  
 Beneath her pillow, hides the dear, sweet prize.  
 Not less o'er older minds the tyrant reigns ;  
 Nor sex, nor rank, nor age escape his chains.  
 He draws the Parson from his fifteenth head,  
 And puts a *capias* on the Lawyer's bed ;  
 Relieves the Doctor from his patients' ills,  
 And cheers the latter as they take his pills ;  
 Puts down the merchant in its double-entry,  
 And shares the honors of exclusive gentry ;  
 Makes giant weeds o'ershade shrewd Farmers' minds,  
 And in its vice the tired Mechanic binds.  
 E'en Teachers own the wide-extended sway,  
 And get a perfect lesson every day.  
 Next in domestic scenes, search out its ways,  
 And mark the moral that the scene conveys.  
 Inspect yon parlor table's comic medley ;  
 Pictorial bibles, and the works of Headley,  
 Unopened tracts, hand-books on flowers and chickens,  
 With Noyes' Job, and latest thefts from Dickens ;  
 Round all, in huge brown piles, like eastern lumber,  
 Cheap serial novels, at ninepence the number.  
 Conspicuous, as we draw the curtain's fold,  
 The Book of books is seen, as 'twas of old,  
 When rigid parents daily read the word,  
 And children learned to practice what they heard.  
 But, ah ! 'tis not the homely book of yore,  
 Whose leaves the marks of constant usage bore ;  
 For now it lies, in glittering gold and paint,  
 A choice and splendid parlor ornament ;  
 And lest some random touch by chance abuse it,  
 Forced by necessity, we never use it.  
 Hard by the unopened Bible's resting place,  
 The well-read novel shows its dirty face,

Round which a fiendish smile appears to hover.  
 As it contrasts *its* worn and tattered cover  
 With the blest Scriptures' clean and untouched leaves.  
 The certain marks of homage each receives.  
 And like the Holy Writ, all truth shall find  
 The public is to other gods inclined.  
 So Israel, finding truth too dull by half,  
 Changed its allegiance to a golden calf;  
 But in our shrine there's little gold, I fear,  
 And *we who worship*, like the calf appear.  
 The truths of science, and the truths of art,  
 Full rarely find a sympathizing heart;  
 For, valued more in this our generation,  
 Is hot-house culture of the imagination.  
 Man! "*Know thyself!*" the Delphic motto was!  
 Yes! know thy God, and comprehend his laws!  
 Study through life, the great creation's plan,  
 And crown the study with thyself, strange man!  
 No more to phantoms yield thy few brief years,  
 Nor waste on pain fictitious, pitying tears;  
 But give to real life, thine active powers,  
 And spend on real things thy private hours!  
 Then, at the last, Life's solemn mission o'er,  
 To Truth's own home thou'l be prepared to soar!  
 Teachers! here rests my theme, and ends my song!  
 O'erlook what in its lines appeareth wrong;  
 And as ye muse upon its better part,  
 Let earnest thoughts of duty fill each heart!  
 Feel that your mission is to lead warm youth  
 To study wisdom, and to search for truth,  
 And learn, while on Time's shore his feet still stand.  
 To rise in spirit to "**THE BETTER LAND!**"



## APPENDIX.

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JAMES EDWARD LEACH was born in Bridgewater, Mass., in the autumn of 1825. The early part of his life was spent in mastering the elements of English education in the common schools of his native town; and under the guidance of highly intelligent and judicious, as well as religious parents, in forming habits of reflection and inquiry, and adopting principles of rectitude, such as could not fail, in after life, to render him an invaluable member of society, a faithful and conscientious teacher, an exemplary son and husband, and an active and devoted Christian. He himself alludes to his childhood as a particularly sunny portion of his unclouded life. To the hours spent in acquiring a knowledge of the outer world, by accompanying his father through the stirring haunts of business; or in learning the gentler duties of private life, as he shared with his mother any appropriate domestic labor, he ascribed much of his success. He dwelt with particular gratitude upon the time daily spent by his mother's side in reading to her the Holy Scriptures, at every difficult point turning his little face up to hers for an explanation, which was received with a well-repaid confidence.

At an early age, he entered the Bridgewater Academy. After going through the ordinary course of that institution with great credit, he determined to become a teacher. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1842, he became a pupil of the State Normal School at Bridgewater. It was at this seminary, that the boy gradually passed into the man; and the obedient pupil, into the self-dependent scholar. A mind naturally strong, active, and logical, assisted by the classical course of the Academy, and quickened by the early training mentioned above, was enabled to gather priceless treasures, and to appreciate and improve inestimable privileges, which less favored minds never knew.

Strong argumentative powers made him a leading member of the Normal Lyceum, of which he was one of the founders. He considered exercises of this nature as second to none other in importance ; in later years, he often declared that he valued his acquisitions made in Lyceums, above those gleaned from any other of his public studies. He was also a founder, as well as the first president of the Normal Association. In these societies his loss will be felt and his labors gratefully remembered, until those who knew him there, shall follow where he has led the way.

After spending two years and a half, either at the Normal School or in practical teaching, he felt the necessity of greater facilities and higher attainments so strongly, that, in 1845, he entered the Sophomore class of Brown University. It is needless to state, that his course here far exceeded the sanguine expectations of his friends ; and that each successive year rewarded his constant toil with a great advance in all that makes the scholar wise and great. His college essays and orations show a dignified manliness, a soundness of reasoning, and a general maturity of mind, far beyond his years ; they breathe forth a refinement of feeling, a devotion to the rights of man, and a veneration for the faith and institutions of Christianity. In 1848, he graduated with the highest honors of his class ; being, by an unusual circumstance, called to take the first and second parts at Commencement. Still considering teaching as one of the most sacred callings, he accepted one of the masterships in the Providence Public High School ; and the Monday following Commencement, saw the indefatigable laborer entering this new field. Speedily overcoming the peculiar difficulties of his situation, he gave his whole mind to the mental and moral improvement of his little domain. During the year spent in this sphere, he was rewarded by the constant and gratifying progress of his pupils, which was all that could be desired, and much more than could have been expected.

A few days before commencing his duties as Teacher, he had united himself to one every way worthy, who, from the days of companionship at school, had possessed his affections. Eminently successful in his public labors, and happy in his domestic

life, our friend enjoyed a degree of unalloyed happiness, seldom vouchsafed to man for a long season.

In this glad time, he did not forget the service of the "Source of every joy." Although his religious opinions had hitherto been widely different, he now became persuaded of the truth of the evangelical doctrines.\* With the honesty and independence that had marked his whole course, he avowed his convictions, and, with his wife, united with the Richmond Street Congregational Church in Providence. However we may differ from our brother in belief, we can all fully sympathize with his trials and his joys, as he goes, hand in hand with his partner, from the church of his family, endeared by a thousand associations, to seek among strangers a congenial faith.

It was at the end of his first year's teaching, that the accompanying Oration was written, at the oft-repeated request of our Association. It well illustrates his style and mode of reasoning, as well as his devotion to his profession. The occasion of its delivery was a happy one. Parents and relatives, the friends of early youth and those of maturer manhood, and the teachers and schoolmates of former and latter years, united with the speaker in the exercises of Convention. At the close of that lovely summer day, as hundreds of refreshed and gladdened hearts turned once more to their distant fields of ennobled labor, many were the brilliant anticipations of the future honor and usefulness of him who had acted the most conspicuous part on the glad occasion.

Upon resuming the duties of his school, in September, Mr. LEACH found his health somewhat impaired by previous labors; and, in a few weeks, he was visited by the first serious illness of his life. His disease, which assumed the form of bilious fever, bade fair to yield at once to medical skill; but, alas! his mission had been accomplished, and human means were exerted in vain to prolong his course. In a few days, slight delirium was followed by insensibility, which continued until Tuesday

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\* In this connection it may be noted, that Mr. Leach was an enthusiastic admirer of the stern old Puritans of the English commonwealth, and was proud to point out his ancestors as foremost among the Christian heroes of the Mayflower.

evening, October 23d, when, without a struggle, the weary spirit passed to its rest. On the following Thursday morning, after affecting religious exercises in the late happy home of the deceased, by his pastor, the Rev. Mr. LEAVITT, which were attended by a large concourse of mourning friends, including his teachers and companions in college, and his own pupils, the body was borne by the bereaved family, back to its native town. There it was followed by a solemn procession, composed of relatives, fellow-citizens, and the pupils of the Normal School, to the same church, which, two months before, had received so many of the same throng under such different circumstances. In place of the joyous peal of the familiar bell, the heavy knell now throbbed through the air; while, in each interval, the autumn leaf rustled along the path, where summer flowers had bloomed before; and instead of the smile of gladness, were tears streaming from eyes unused to weep. The funeral hymn,

“Thou no more shalt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know,”

was followed by reading from the Scriptures, by Mr. TILLINGHAST, Principal of the Normal School; the selections were highly appropriate, and administered such consolation to the mourning, as no earthly source can afford. The services were continued by the Rev. Mr. GAY, also a former teacher of the deceased. After a brief prayer and most touching address from him, the remains were conveyed to the rural cemetery near the church. When the coffin had been lowered to its last resting place, the Rev. Mr. BRADFORD, once the pastor of the departed, concluded the solemn rites with the following remarks:

#### “CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:

“We have been to the house of God to read the lesson of his providence, and to listen to such words of consolation as he alone is able to offer to the afflicted heart. We have commended to the support of his grace, her who now sits in desolate widowhood, the wife of a year, a widow in her youth; and those afflicted parents, who have been so suddenly deprived of

an only son and child ; of one, whose life and death remind us strongly of those words once said of another, but so applicable to him :

‘ None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise ;  
He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,  
He died as fathers wish their sons to die.’

“ We now come to consign to the cold earth all that was mortal of so much early promise, intellectual and moral. We come to mingle our sympathies and tears with those of bereaved affection. We come to meditate upon the frail nature of the brightest hopes, and the insecurity of all earthly dependence. We come, likewise, to the place of graves, to muse upon our own graves, so near to each one of us. But we come, also, to lift up our hearts in joy and gratitude, for the contrast with all that is so depressing and chilling to the mind, presented in the revelation of Him, who came that he might scatter the darkness of the grave, and bring life and immortality to light ; and whose apostle says, at the conclusion of that revelation, as its blissful consummation and promise, ‘ And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write ! Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth ! Yea ! saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them.’ ”

In closing this brief sketch of the life and death of our beloved friend, the hope is indulged that an occasional perusal of it, will lead those of us, his associates, who still linger among mortal scenes, to emulate so bright an example ; to strive, like him, to improve every advantage and every talent for the welfare of mankind and the honor of Christianity ; and to find consolation for the death of one so valued, in the assurance that for such “ to die is gain.”

Hear how from out the very grave,  
Is breathed the soothing strain,  
The promise Christ to Martha gave,  
“ Thy brother ’ll rise again.”

## RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE FRANKLIN LYCEUM, PROVIDENCE.

Whereas, an all-wise and all-merciful Providence has seen fit to remove to another world, our esteemed friend and brother, **JAMES EDWARD LEACH**, therefore,

*Resolved*, That, by this mysterious dispensation, we are fearfully reminded that neither the pride of youth and unbroken health, nor a profusion of worldly honors and enjoyments, are any protection from the Destroyer, who claims *all seasons for his own*.

*Resolved*, That, while we lament our own loss, and most deeply sympathize with the bereaved family of the departed, we can but rejoice in the belief, that his shining talents and endearing qualities are now infinitely expanding in the active duties of heaven.

*Resolved*, That the character of our deceased brother, so beautifully blending the strength and the graces of Christian scholarship, remains a rich legacy to us, and diffuses a golden light amid the gathered clouds of sorrow.

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Similar expressions of feeling were adopted by the Bridgewater Normal Lyceum, and by the Psi Upsilon and Philemenian Societies of Brown University.



## CONVENTION SONG.

*"Bonnie Doon."*

LIKE traveler halting on his way,  
With far-sought friends awhile to rest,  
Our staff and scrip aside we lay,  
And bid dull care forsake the breast.  
The wandering ones once more we view,  
Who shared our love in olden time,  
With zeal as warm and hearts as true,  
As in "the days of *auld lang syne*."

Amid the highway's rude turmoil,  
Or in the by-path's lessened strife,  
We've passed a year of pleasant toil,  
A unit of the sum of life.  
And some have left the earthly road,  
And found enduring rest above ;  
Where mortal cares no more intrude,  
To hinder in their works of love.

When these sweet hours of rest are gone,  
The low farewell in sadness said,  
With strengthened steps we'll journey on  
The varied path we're called to tread.  
And when life's vesper hour shall come,  
And we no more its duties share,  
May our great Teacher call us home,  
To join the blest Convention there.